

Convalescent.

Lapped warm in the care of a watchful love,
She sits in the sunshine this summer day,
Yet, ah! it is scarcely a month ago
Since love could do nothing but weep and pray.

To the gleaming gate of God's Heaven she went,
The songs of His angels she nearly heard;
And now, as we look in her peaceful face,
Our hearts within us are strangely stirred.

So little more, and all mystery past,
This girl had been wiser than all the wise,
Did her soul hear something tongue may not tell
As it gazes at us through soft blue eyes?

And who might have been in the heavenly choir,
Must shrink from the shadow of pride and wrong,
Must walk in the light of the gleaming gate,
In step to the air of the angels' song.

So this young life must henceforth bear
A solemn sweetness, a tender grace,
As of one who turns to her daily task
From kneeling awhile in God's Holy Place.
—T. E. Quiver.

ON A MOUNTAIN LEDGE.

"Senorita! Senorita!" reached in a low whisper the ears of Senorita Mercedes Guadalupe Grenados, as she swung lazily in the hammock on the wide veranda.

"Who is it?" she asked in Spanish. "Pablo!" came in the same low whisper.

"Good Pablo, come here." A tall negro, showing in the slightly coppery hue of the skin the mixture of Indian blood, stole cautiously across the open space between the house and the thick bushes, and almost crawling, reached the place where his young mistress was.

"Well, Pablo, what news?" eagerly demanded the young girl. "All lost, senorita! All lost!"

"And Don Enrique?" "Out in de bush dar, hidin' n' de canes."

"But why don't he come in? What does he want to stay there for?" "Indians chasin' of him—de Cananos," answered the peon gravely.

"What?" "Yes, senorita. Fo' fo' days now, And Don Enrique he say mus' get 't mountains now, quick."

"What does he want?" "Want some money, an' some food, an' some clothes, senorita."

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then said, sharply: "Pablo, go to Don Enrique, and tell him to go to the old hut down in the swamp. I'll be there in half an hour."

As the peon turned to execute the order, the girl ran into the house, and once more silence fell upon the place. The revolution, one of those unsuccessful revolutions of which the history of Columbia is full, was just over, and Don Enrique Gonzales found himself on the losing side.

Under ordinary circumstances he might have surrendered; but when he heard that the dreaded Indians of the great Canas Valley had been placed upon his track, he knew there was nothing to do but to fly. For these men are noted in the northern part of South America for the fact that they never give or take quarter. They are like human bloodhounds; their one idea is to kill. Don Enrique had good reason to make most of his time with the Cananos after him.

Down in the cane swamp stood an old palm house, the sides made of upright sticks split from the black palm, and lashed to cross-pieces, and the roof heavily thatched. Here, sitting on a log in the shadow, was Don Enrique, a young fellow about twenty-seven, while lying on the ground was the peon, Pablo.

Suddenly the peon raised his head. "Something comin', senor!"

The two listened for a minute, and then through the only path to the hut came a large mule, saddled and bridled, followed by another one, upon which was the senorita.

Don Enrique had the girl in his arms almost before the animal stopped moving, and the whispered words of endearment, the rapturous kisses and looks which the two gave each other, told the old story plainly.

"But, dearest, why have you got your habit?" he asked at last. "Because—because—Oh 'Rique, you must let me go with you!" she said, trembling as she spoke.

"Impossible! You do not know what this trip means."

"But I must! To-day," she went on, with a blush, "would have been our wedding, and I cannot—I cannot—let you go alone!"

"In great perplexity, Don Enrique looked at peon for advice. Pablo had served his father as well as himself, and Pablo's forefathers had served the house, first as slaves, and then as freemen, ever since the first Gonzales had settled in the valley. In reply to the look, the peon gave a grunt.

"But—Mercedes," said the young man, turning to her, "how could you cross the mountains?"

"Pablo can carry me—can you not, Pablo?"

"Yes, senorita," the peon answered. "Very well," he answered in a resigned tone. "But we've got to start now. Come on, Pablo."

Placing the girl on her mule again, Don Enrique mounted his, and, led by the peon, the party made their way out of the cane into the main road. Once on this, they pushed ahead rapidly, Pablo keeping up without the slightest difficulty.

The road, which at first was good, gradually got wilder and rougher, until, as they went up the mountains, the mules would stop and pant every now and then before beginning one of the frightful climbs, during which they had to almost spring from rock to rock. Still up, and up, the mules climbed, urged on as much as possible by their riders.

Suddenly Pablo, who had been looking back, said: "Look, senor!"

And Don Enrique, turning, saw far below a string of what seemed like little brown boys, carrying long sticks, crossing an open space.

"Eight, nine, ten," he counted, in a tone of some bitterness. "Well, if we must fight, we must," he went on, setting his teeth hard, and mechanically loosening his revolver.

"No fight here, senor," said the peon earnestly. "No good here. Up here," pointing as he spoke to a peak about three miles from them.

"All right, Pablo." And once more the mules were urged along by voice and spur. But if the fugitives had seen their pursuers, they had in turn been seen, and the race began between them. The road was

Frightful.

At one side the rocks towered above them until it seemed as though they reached the sky; while, on the other hand, a hideous, yawning barranca, as they call those strange crevices in the Andes and their associate ranges, went down sheer some six or seven hundred feet.

More and more frightful became the pass until the young girl was forced to cover her eyes with her hand, unable to look out any longer. Long before Pablo had taken her bridle rein, while Don Enrique rode behind. The mules, with the wonderful instinct which marks them, stepped as carefully as cats, trying every stone before resting their weight upon it. Suddenly Pablo stopped.

"Get down here, senorita," he said, as, lifting her from the saddle, he placed her on her feet. You too, senor. No one can ride here."

The ledge made a sharp turn to the right, and on the turn was not more than two feet wide. While Don Enrique held the girl in his arms, her head buried in his shoulder, Pablo cautiously led the mule she had been riding round the turn. Then he returned to the other, telling the two to go ahead. Holding on to the rough rocks, with one arm around Mercedes, Don Enrique moved inch by inch round the point, and as they reached the other side sank down on the wide platform where the mule was standing, fairly faint with the reaction from the nervous strain, while Mercedes fainted outright.

In the meantime Pablo had begun to cautiously drive the second mule round the turn. Just as the animal was twisting itself round, a diabolical series of yells began up the pass, and the Indians came running in. The mule started, one foot slipped, and after a moment's vain pawing to recover its footing, it launched out into the air, turning over and over, until it met its death in the gulf below, smashed out of shape on the pointed rocks. The moment's hesitation which this gave the Indians enabled Pablo to slip round the turn in safety. Roughly shaking Don Enrique, he said significantly: "Now we fight, senor!"

Don Enrique sprang to his feet, and with Pablo advanced to the edge; none too soon, however. A head, coppery-brown in color, where the hideous red and black of the war-paint did not hide it, was thrust around the rock, only in time to get a cut from Pablo's machete, or long knife. The next and the next, and the next, seemingly urged on by pressure from behind, fared the same way. Then came a pause. A moment afterwards a cloud of little arrows, about eight inches long, each wrapped with a tuft of cotton, flew through the air, and then again there was quiet.

"Can they reach us from above, Pablo?"

"No, senor; dis only place." Again the Indians tried to steal round, and again Pablo's machete fell. But this time, what looked like a stick about three feet long had been turned towards him by an Indian lying on his stomach, and as the peon was raising his arm to strike, he felt a little prick like a pin in the leg. The arrow fell to the ground, but Pablo, glancing down, saw the end of a fine splinter in the wound. Don Enrique at once attempted to dig this out, but both he and the peon knew it was no use. The curative poison had touched the blood, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Pablo began to feel numb all over, and sank to the ground, the girl wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead.

But while Don Enrique had been busied with the peon, two of the Indians had passed the point and a third was following. His revolver settled one of them, but he missed the second shot. Catching up the heavy machete from where the peon had dropped it, he began a hand-to-hand fight. Feinting at one over the head, he whirled the heavy weapon around and caught his foe under the arm, almost cutting him in two. Striding over the dead body, he met two of them at once. The one to left he struck on the head, laying the brain open; but a glance showed him that the machete of the one to right was coming down. He just managed to spring out of the way, when a deafening report just by his ear, and the leap of the Indian into the air, told him that Mercedes had picked up the revolver where he let it fall. To advance to the corner and strike down the man coming round was the work of moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he realized that he once more held the pass. The rest was but for a moment though. Taking the revolver from Mercedes, and leaning cautiously round the rock, he waited in silence. Before long he saw a head raised, and fired, killing the last one of the party after him.

During this time Pablo had been getting weaker and weaker. When Don Enrique knelt beside him the peon was almost gone, but he could murmur: "De children, senor?" "Are mine always?" "Good-bye, senor!" as the eyes, which had been getting duller and duller, finally closed, and Pablo was gone.

The broad road to Venezuela was traversed slowly by Don Enrique and his promised bride, and at the first town they came to, a very quiet and somewhat hurried wedding took place in the rude church of palm. However, they reached the coast, and before many weeks were safe in France. Nor was it many years before another turn in the political wheel brought back to Columbia Don Enrique Gonzales and his beautiful wife.

Good Results in Every Case

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. "This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery."

Trial Bottles free at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store.

A grammarian would, no doubt, define Adam's original position as "first person, singular."

"What did your father leave you when he died, Pat?" "Faith, he left me an orphan."

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

DR. JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson VIII, for Sunday, Nov. 21.—The Golden Text will be found in the First Chapter of I John, Verse 7. Lesson Text, I John, 1, 5-10.

It is frequently objected that Christian teaching is too much about what we should believe and too little about what we should do. When this letter was written by John he was quite old, and the truth had been tried for a long time among men. It is easier to profess belief than to do right, and so doubt may affect belief for every truth. One of the great advantages of studying a lesson like this is that it shows how true believing is followed by right acting, and that the believing is the means of bringing out the good living.

Some of our lessons have been historical. Some have been statements of truth to be received. This is in a good degree experimental. It teaches the actual feelings of believers, the practical religious life of men. Probably there were men teaching at this time in the name of Christianity that they were personally affected by every truth. God reveals the devil and men guided by him will twist and misrepresent. May the Spirit of God help us to see and hold each truth in its fullness and in its proper place to other truths! Then we have a true, living and symmetrical "body of divinity," as the good men of other days were wont to say. Having asserted in the strongest way that it was Jesus the Son of God that he had declared unto them, and this in order that they might be really happy (v. 4), he proceeds to show how this declaration believed ought to act on the life of the believer.

V. 5. From Jesus John had learned the character of God. He was the revealer of the Father, the brightness of his glory, the very image of his person. He, Jesus, had taught them that God is light, with no darkness in him. He, Jesus, was men overgrown, with jealousies, passions, crimes set down to them, as one sees in reading even the classics at school. Think of what they counted Jupiter, Mercury, Bacchus, not to speak of demigods, to be! "God is light." There is no darkness of sin or of ignorance in him. He is the infinitely Holy One. Now

(V. 6) if we profess to be in fellowship with him, as children with a father, as soldiers with a leader, as friends with a friend, and yet walk in darkness, ignorance and sin, "we lie, and do not the truth." This is plain. The darkness is not that of grief, sorrow or doubt, but of wrong. It points to "deeds of darkness." The profession, if not attended by practice, is hypocrisy and lying. On the other hand

(V. 7), if we are walking "in the light"—not of intellect, education, science or even moral courage, but the ways of God according to his nature (as in v. 5)—we have fellowship one with another—for the aim is a common one and each walking is against selfishness—and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us, or cleansing us, from all sin. This does not refer so much to pardon, which is full, free and complete, as to the moral effect of the death of Christ on us. Of course, that moral effect implies the pardon, or, in other words, justification goes before sanctification. Here is one who says: "I was lost; Jesus came after me and saved me. To do it he had to shed his blood. Through that blood I got pardon. I love him for shedding his blood for me, and because I love him I am trying to quit sin and to be holy." That man is being cleansed by the blood. He is walking in the light. He loves the holy Redeemer—the image of God, and because he loves him he is trying to keep his commandments. Get this fixed in the mind.

V. 8. If we say that we do not need to try, that we are perfect, sinless, we are cheating ourselves, putting a false view before our own minds and showing that whatever we may know about other things, "the truth" about God and his salvation has no possession of us. It may be about us, in our hands; it is not shaping our thoughts nor affecting our hearts. Let us not say this, but own the facts of our forgetfulness, folly and inconsistency. Then we shall carry out, for we shall feel the need of, the words in

V. 9. We are children—often rebellious and wayward—of God. If we feel the wrong and own it to our Father, "confess it," two things will follow: (a) He will forgive. That is faithfulness in him. He has promised it, and he will keep faith. See Ps. xxxiv, 4, 5. That is justice. Jesus Christ has made atonement. The law is fulfilled and honored. God is just and yet pardons a believer his sins. See Rom. viii, 3, 4. (b) He will cleanse us from all unrighteousness. He does not deal with us as with filthy matter, but as with polluted minds. When it is our way sincerely to own sin to God and beg his forgiveness, we watch against sin; we beg his grace to strengthen us against it, and he gives the grace. So we become pure, holy and Christlike. True humility thus goes with true religion. But with self-righteousness pride goes, and hence

V. 10 puts it strongly, "If we say we have no sin," etc. Why, he sent Christ to save us as sinners! It is as sinners he invites us to confess. If we deny that we give him the lie, and his word—which is based on this very fact—is not in us. See Ps. ii, 1-13 for illustration of all this.

V. 1. The aged and loving apostle calls the Christians he addressed "My little children." He is telling them these things to keep them from sinning, to make them easy in sin. "Ah! but their hearts reply, 'we have sinned, oh, so much!' The clearer the truth comes to us through holy men the more we shall feel this. So he replies, 'If any man sin,' here is his relief, we have an advocate with the Father, a representative, a friend, a pleader, one who is fit and entitled to plead for us, for he is 'the righteous.' We have offended God, but he never displeased him at any time. And

(V. 2) not only is he righteous in himself, but he is the propitiation for our sins. (See Heb. ix, 15.) He came for us; he suffered as our substitute; he is the "Lamb slain" for us; the Shepherd giving his life for the sheep. Now was it for you and me—an apostle and a handful of believers—but for all the world, without distinction of race, rank or character, for the chief of sinners as well as for the moral and humane. No human being can justly stand aloof and say, "There is no hope for me in Christ."

V. 3. And if we wish to be clear that we know him, here is the way: we are anxious to keep his commandments. That was the way with the twelve. They knew Jesus in that way; they followed him. So with us. The knowledge is not of the head only, it is of the heart also. It is like the knowledge a child has of his mother.

V. 4. He that saith, no matter how loud or public his profession, I know him, and does not obey him, is a liar, etc., as in i, 8. On the other hand

(V. 5), he that keeps the Saviour's words, in memory and in life, in him is the love of God perfected. To put it plainly, in him it has done its work. It has won him from sin, it has drawn him to God. If this is not the case with a professor, it is thrown away on him. "By this we know that we are one with Christ," children of God. So

(V. 6) "He that saith," makes a profession, that he is in Christ ought to walk as Christ walked. See the gospel for this. See Heb. vi, 23. Christ is holy and came to put away sin. A man who truly believes in him will not keep sin, but will try to walk as he

walked, be an imitator of Christ. It may be put thus to a child: A man says, "I am of one mind with John B. Gough," and he goes on drinking! Who will think much of his profession!

The following points may be emphasized: 1. There is none like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods. 2. Jesus is the revealer of God, and means to make us like God. 3. We are in the way to this when we trust b'm. 4. We are to confess him, but it is to be a genuine, true confession. 5. His truth is shown by our life. 6. Christ is the model, pattern, example. 7. He is more than God's son, more than a holy teacher; he is a Saviour, and he saves not by merely teaching us and setting us an example, but by dying for us. —Sunday School World.

How Animals Practice Medicine.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dirt, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, airy places, drink water and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennae of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When the animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it. This animal recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye; again licking the paw when it became dry. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which M. Delanney considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics as practiced by animals may, in the interest of psychology, be studied with advantage.

Many physicians have been keen observers of animals, their diseases, and the methods adopted by them in their efforts to cure themselves, and have availed of the knowledge so brought under their observation in their practice. —New Orleans Picayune.

"Give Ely's Cream Balm a trial. This justly celebrated remedy for the cure of catarrh, hay fever, cold in the head, &c., can be obtained of any reputable druggist, and may be relied upon as a safe and pleasant remedy for the above complaints and will give immediate relief. It is not a liquid, snuff or powder, has no offensive odor and can be used at any time with good results, as thousands can testify, among them some of the attaches of this office." —Spirit of the Times, May 29, 1886.

A ride of 255 miles over a country possessing nothing of special interest brings us to the city of Chihuahua, Capital of the State of the same name, a city of 17,000 inhabitants. The houses are mostly built of adobe, generally in one story, and the long, straight streets, flanked on either side by these low whitish-colored houses, soon become monotonous to the eye. The Grand Plaza, in the centre of which a handsome fountain is situated, is the lounge-place of the citizens of all grades, and their characteristic indolence is strongly impressed upon the stranger as he sees them sunning themselves by day and contemplating or gossiping at night with the ever-present cigarette. The crowds as they saunter about in their native costumes present a scene pleasingly picturesque, the sombrero, the serape, and the reboso in varied colors rendering it a pretty sight. Here we see an aquaduct with a large jug of water on his back, suspended by a leather band about his forehead; in front of him hangs his small jug, sustained by a band passing around the back of his head. Again, those of the wealthy class with their elegantly silver-trimmed sombreros, heavily braided short jackets, tight-fitting trousers, studded down the sides with buttons of silver. Mingling with the crowd are also the poorer classes, with their gaudy serapes loosely thrown over their shoulders, and wearing huaraches (leather sandals, fastened with straps over the instep and across the ball of the foot), a close inspection often revealing the fact that the blanket is the sole covering to the upper part of the body. The pretty senora, poorly clad, without even a sandal, is lounging at the fountain, her shabbiness concealed by the usual black shawl gracefully thrown over her head and shoulders, extending well down the body, showing bronzed feet and ankles, well modeled and graceful, though neither small nor soft in appearance; the ever feminine characteristic is not wanting even here, for, conscious of her beauty, she lifts her water-jug from her shoulder, and resting it on the edge of the fountain, glances about with her brilliant black eyes; her soft olive complexion, beautifully chiseled features, and regular white teeth render her a fascinating picture. —City Mexico Letter.

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